

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE: INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

VOL. VI. NO. 32.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 292.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EASTMAN & Co., Editors and Proprietors.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance. Is, in addition to the above, will be charged for every 3 months that payment is delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

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TIME.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
One week.	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450	500	550	600	650	700	750	800	850	900	950	1000	1050	1100	1150	1200	1250	1300	1350	1400	1450	1500
Two weeks.	75	150	225	300	375	450	525	600	675	750	825	900	975	1050	1125	1200	1275	1350	1425	1500	1575	1650	1725	1800	1875	1950	2025	2100	2175	2250
Three "	100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1000	1100	1200	1300	1400	1500	1600	1700	1800	1900	2000	2100	2200	2300	2400	2500	2600	2700	2800	2900	3000
One month.	125	250	375	500	625	750	875	1000	1125	1250	1375	1500	1625	1750	1875	2000	2125	2250	2375	2500	2625	2750	2875	3000	3125	3250	3375	3500	3625	3750
Two months.	150	300	450	600	750	900	1050	1200	1350	1500	1650	1800	1950	2100	2250	2400	2550	2700	2850	3000	3150	3300	3450	3600	3750	3900	4050	4200	4350	4500
Three "	175	350	525	700	875	1050	1225	1400	1575	1750	1925	2100	2275	2450	2625	2800	2975	3150	3325	3500	3675	3850	4025	4200	4375	4550	4725	4900	5075	5250
Six "	200	400	600	800	1000	1200	1400	1600	1800	2000	2200	2400	2600	2800	3000	3200	3400	3600	3800	4000	4200	4400	4600	4800	5000	5200	5400	5600	5800	6000
Nine "	225	450	675	900	1125	1350	1575	1800	2025	2250	2475	2700	2925	3150	3375	3600	3825	4050	4275	4500	4725	4950	5175	5400	5625	5850	6075	6300	6525	6750
One year.	250	500	750	1000	1250	1500	1750	2000	2250	2500	2750	3000	3250	3500	3750	4000	4250	4500	4750	5000	5250	5500	5750	6000	6250	6500	6750	7000	7250	7500

Special Notices, five cents a line each insertion.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY-1857.

AUGUSTUS W. TAYLOR,

Judge of Probate for Ottawa county, Michigan.

Office with the County Treasurer, Grand Haven.

Papers and business communications transmitted to the Court, through favor of H. D. Post, Holland, or left with Mr. Henry Brower, Grand Haven, will receive prompt attention.

Court days, first and third Mondays of each month.

P. O. address, Ottawa Center, Ottawa Co. Mich.

JAMES P. SCOTT,

Clerk and Register of Ottawa county, Michigan,

and Notary Public. Grand Haven.

TIMOTHY FLETCHER,

Treasurer of Ottawa county, and Notary Public.

CURTIS W. GRAY,

Sheriff of Ottawa county. Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS,

Prosecuting Attorney and Circuit Court Commissioner, for Ottawa county. Grand Haven.

R. W. DUNCAN,

Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery; also Agent for obtaining Bounty Lands, and collecting claims against the United States, in connection with a general agency at Washington.

Office third door below the Washington House, Grand Haven.

GROSVENOR REED,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence,

Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

J. B. McNETT,

Physician and Surgeon. Dr. McNett is now permanently located in this village, and will attend to all calls in his profession.

Office at the residence of Mr. Hiram Bean, corner of Washington and Water streets, Grand Haven.

STEPHEN MONROE,

Physician and Surgeon. Office one door west of J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street.

Grand Haven.

DR. L. A. ROGERS,

Surgeon Dentist. May be found during business hours, at his office, in Dr. Shepard's New Block, Monroe street.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

FERRY & WALLACE,

Dealers in Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and Groceries. Water street, Grand Haven.

CUTLER & WARTS,

Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, of all kinds, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Water street, Grand Haven.

ALBEE & HUNTING,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Corner of Washington and Water Sts. Grand Haven.

HENRY GRIFFIN,

Commission Merchant and General Agt., Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, etc., etc. Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven.

W. D. FOSTER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard and Hollow Ware, Iron, and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot of Monroe street, Grand Rapids.

C. DAVIS & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Muskegon, Mich.

A. L. CHUBB,

Manufacturer of Plows, Cultivators and Grain Cradles, and Dealer in all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal street, Grand Rapids.

FERRY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Lumber, and Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shingle Bolts, and Shingles.

THOS. W. FERRY. NOAH H. FERRY. White River, Ottawa Co., Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHER,

Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, General Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and Provisions, Manufacturers and Dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill Point, Mich.

LAMONT MILLS,

LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

Thomas B. Woodbury, Proprietor.

♣ Cash paid for wheat. 1263 tf.

Ottawa Iron Works,

FERRYSBURG, OTTAWA CO., MICH.

WM. M. FERRY, Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings.—Post Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

1857. CUTLER & WARTS, 1857.

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lard.

Grand Haven, Water street, Mich.

"THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY."

BY GERALD MASSET.

There lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart,
And its sweet lisping win me, till tears do often start;
Up evermore it springs like hidden melody,
And evermore it singeth this song of songs to me—
"This world is full of beauty as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!"

If men were more forgiving, and kind words were oft'ner spoken,
Instead of scorn so grieving, there might be few heart-broken;
Were truth our uttered language, angels might talk with man,
And God-illuminated earth should see the Golden Age again.
For this world is full of beauty as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!

While plenty round us smileth, why wakes this thirst for bread?
Why are crushed millions toiling, gaunt, clothed in rags, unfed?
The sunny hills and valleys blush ripe with fruit and grain,
But the lordling in the palace still robs his fellow men;
Yet, this world is full of beauty as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!

Oh, God! what hosts are trampled amid this thirst for gold!
What noble hearts are sapped of love, what spirits lose life's hold!
And yet upon this God-blessed earth, there's room for every one;
Millions of acres wait the seed, and food rots in the sun.
This world is full of beauty as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!

The leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod,
The birds that hymn their raptures into the ear of God,
And the living wind that bringeth sweet music from the sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this song of songs to me—
"This world is full of beauty as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love!"

A CHAPTER IN HUMAN NATURE.

A correspondent of the Blair county (Pa.) *Whig*, furnishes that paper with the particulars of the following interesting incident, of which he was an eye-witness. It occurred a few years ago, on the line of the great internal improvements of that state. It is one of those scenes of genuine kind heartedness which fills the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still in our common nature."

At the point on this side of the mountain, where occurred the transshipment of passengers from the west, was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train, ere starting on its way "through" to the east. The captain of the boat, a tall, sun-embrowned, rough, and sometimes profane man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars came up, and a few moments after, a party of about a half dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him:

"Sir, we wish to go on east, but our further progress to-day depends on you. In the cars we have just left, there is a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain; what say you?"

By this time others had come from the cars.

"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through your committee. Has the sick man a representative here? I wish to hear both sides of the question."

To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer; when, without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner, a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that fell-destroyer, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping.—The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly.

"Oh, sir," said the trembling invalid, looking up, his face now lit with hope and expectation, "are you the captain, and will you take me? God help me! The passengers shun me and are so unkind. You see, sir, I am dying; but, oh! if I can live to reach my mother, I shall die happy! She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor painter, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go," replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip."

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped round the boat, with their baggage piled up on the tow path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage.

A moment more, and that decision was made known, as they beheld him coming from the cars, with the sick man cradled in his strong arms. Pushing directly through the crowd with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread in the choicest part of the cabin, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent.—Then, scarcely deigning to look at the crowd alongside, he shouted to his hands:—

"Put off the boat!"

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse, each seized his own baggage and walked immediately on board the boat.

In a short time, another committee was sent to the captain, asking his presence in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst there arose a white haired man, who with the tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough and sturdy captain, that he had taught them a lesson, that they felt humbled before him, and they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance of all present.

On the instant, a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God speed" for his welfare.

The true-hearted captain of the boat was SAMUEL D. CARNS, and the incident is worth remembering.

AN EASY PROFESSION.—The graduating class in Old Yale, in the year one thousand eight hundred and odd, had a meeting the day before they were to be made into 'Bachelor of Arts'; and at this meeting it was agreed that each man should announce his intentions as to the profession he intended to pursue. Ten years afterward they would meet and compare the results with the records.

By that good fortune which helps the lame and the lazy, Jenkins had made out to squeeze through the examinations—those designed to catch the flats—and he was bound to go forth with as proud a diploma as the best of his fellows. The president of the meeting called on the students in alphabetical order, and each man gave an expression to his hopes. A smile rose on every face when he said:

"Mr. Jenkins, what do you intend to be?"

Jenkins had an inveterate habit of lisping, which gave additional drollery to his reply:

"I am goin' to be a 'pithcopal minither."

"Ah, indeed; and why so, Mr. Jenkins?"

"For three reathons:

"In the first plathe, 'pithcopal minithers alwayth marry rich wives—

"In the thecond plathe, the prayers are all written out—

"And in the third plathe, the theermions are very thort, and them you can steal."

SPEAKING EVIL OF ANOTHER.

Every person, whether good or evil in his own character, sometimes speaks evil of others. But there is a most essential difference, in the way of doing it, between the good and the evil. The good man speaks evil of others with regret; but the evil man does it with pleasure.

If any one sincerely desires to speak good of his neighbor, and to speak no evil of him, then, as a matter of course, he will speak evil as seldom and as little as possible. But if he take delight in depreciating his neighbor, then his practice will be to speak of his faults and failings as often as he believes the truth will sustain him in it; and that will be often, of course. Then, if any one speaks evil frequently, and as if he were in the habit of so doing, the presumption is, (though not quite a certainty,) that he is pleased with it, and is a bad man. And if, on the other hand, any one speaks evil very seldom, and as if his usual practice were to avoid it altogether, then the presumption is, (though, as before, not quite a certainty,) that he is averse to it, and is a good man.

Another sign or class of signs, of the true motive and character of any one in speaking evil of others, is in the manner of doing it. A good man will only do it with regret; and take true and sincere pains to moderate his judgment of the evil; to make it as light as possible, and to give as little of bad reputation to the guilty party, as he can. And, above all, if his judgment of the evil itself is such as to leave no room for justification or palliation of it, still it is evident that he thinks kindly and compassionately of the evil doer, and that he desires to do him good and not evil. But a bad man will be inclined to the reverse of this, and will show this inclination, as far as he is not prevented from it by a regard to the judgment which others may form of himself therefrom. His words, and even the tones of every word, may show that he delights in exposing the evils of his neighbor, and thus that he is a bad man.

Why should any one take delight in speaking evil of another? Is it that he delights in seeing him suffer for the evil? But such delight is infernal, and should be put away. Or is it that he wishes to magnify the faults of others, in order that his own may seem to be small in the comparison with them? But this, too, is infernal, and leads to the confirmation and perpetuation of all evil. For we ought to remove our own evils by repentance; and the effect of covering them over, by accumulating the evils of others before the mind, is to prevent repentance, and thus to prevent all possibility of salvation at last.

To speak evil of another, is one of the worst ways of doing evil to him. We sometimes, perhaps, do not consider that we are as responsible for evil done with the tongue, as we are for that done with the hand. But yet it is so. Indeed, the evil done with the tongue is deeper and worse, as a general rule, than any that is or can be done with the hand. But it may be said, that it is all right if we speak the truth. No; that is a mistake. But, it is still said, it is right if we speak of any one nothing worse than he deserves; if he deserves the harm we do to him, are we not at liberty to inflict it? No; we have no right to chastise a person because he deserves it; the obligations of Christian love, and the duty of giving good for evil, forbid.—J. P. P.—*New Jerusalem Messenger*.

FACTS IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

As Mrs. J. C. SMITH, of Waukegan Ills., was riding home from a party one evening, the sleigh was stopped for the purpose of letting a young man get in.

While in the act of stepping in, he accidentally slipped, and in attempting to save himself from a fall, involuntarily seized hold of the arm of Mrs. S., on which she wore a valuable bracelet. The ornament contained some of the hair of a departed sister, and on that account, especially, it was much valued.

On reaching home, Mrs. S. found that the bracelet was gone, and naturally supposing that it must have been lost at the time the gentleman caught hold of her arm, her husband went back and sought carefully for it, but without success.

Two nights after, when Mr. Smith was about to retire for the night, Mrs. S., who was skeptical in regard to the agency of spirits in human affairs—remarked to her husband that she had been strangely and strongly affected—that it appeared to her that her sister was there, and that it really seemed to her that she had seen her bracelet out by the corner of the house. Mr. S. suggested that doubtless her sister had really been there to tell her where the bracelet was. The next morning, soon after daylight, she went out—went directly to the spot—and picked up her bracelet out of the snow.

Now the skepticism of Mrs. Smith, respecting the whole subject embraced in the current spiritual phenomena, was not at all calculated to inspire her with the idea that her sister, who was in the spirit-world, was actually present with her. Nor is there any evidence whatever to prove that this singular and vivid impression was the mere result of the natural action of her own mind. The evidence is all against such an inference. The conviction on her own mind, resulting from the facts, and the normal operation of her faculties was, that the bracelet was lost at some distance from home, where the accident occurred which we have already described. It follows, therefore, that her perception of the real fact as to its whereabouts, must be attributable to some other source of information. We think it must be obvious to the unprejudiced mind that the facts altogether favor the idea that an invisible intelligence played an essential part in this occurrence.

TELEGRAPHING BY A SPIRIT.

E. G. Fuller, esq., of Coldwater, Michigan, in a recent letter to *The Spiritual Age*, writes as follows:—

"We have lately had—to me—a new phase of spiritual rapping. A Mr. Campbell, an experienced and excellent magnetic telegraph operator, lately attended a circle at the house of Mr. Bates, in this village. He was a profound skeptic, and went there out of motives of curiosity. After seating himself at the table, to use his own language, 'I sat quietly a few moments, listening to the sounds and thinking what fools men would make of themselves, when suddenly, I was startled by a telegraphic signal.'

"I read the sounds on the table the same as I am in the habit of reading the click of the instrument in the office. The signals were: 'News from New York!' loudly and distinctly repeated several times, until, recovering from my amazement, I answered the call as I would have done in a telegraph office."

"Immediately there came a lengthy communication, with as much rapidity and accuracy as the most rapid operator can send one over the wires. It purported to come from a deceased friend, who, in this life, was an operator in a New York office. This communication I answered, and received others in the same way, during the evening. During this time, no one in the room beside myself, knew what was going on, until I told them what the communications were."

"These facts I get from Mr. Campbell's own lips. He says that since that time, he has held almost daily intercourse with the same spirit, and has received such tests as to convince him that the communications come from a disembodied spirit."

THE EDITOR.—Some sensible writer has expressed much truth in the following paragraph:

The majority of readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant than to edit a paper; but of all the different employments by which men make their bread and butter, there is none, we firmly believe, that so taxes the mind, temper and flesh as that of editing a paper. There is none that requires a nicer tact, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. A curst temper can never succeed as an editor; nor a narrow-minded man, nor an ignorant one, nor a hasty one, nor an unforgiving one. An editor must of necessity turn himself inside out to the public. He cannot be a hypocrite any more than a husband could be a hypocrite to his wife. He must expose himself in all that he does, as much in selecting the thoughts of others as in publishing his own. Whosoever succeeds tolerably well as an editor, is something more than an ordinary man—let his contemporaries think of him as they will.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—There is at the present time considerable talk about the probabilities of the earth's receiving "personal violence" at the hands of a comet, and I apprehend that the world will be periodically agitated by such fears, until the true purport and meaning of the prophecies of the Scriptures are understood; for so long as we believe the literal earth is to be destroyed by fire or otherwise, there will not be wanting, persons who will give this belief food for sustenance, by endeavoring to point out the time, and the instrumentality to be employed.

The idea of a general judgment on this earth has been one which has interfered very materially with the development of Christianity, ever since the church was in its infancy.

The exact time has been frequently announced; and the last great movement with a view to the end of all earthly things, was "Millerism," which, Haman-like, came to its own end, but the world still moved on.—Starting as Millerism did, and based as it was, on the popular Christian idea of a general destruction of all earthly things, the great wonder to me always was, why so few embraced it.

The idea which we entertain in regard to the Word of God, is that it is written according to the science of correspondences, that it has in every part an internal sense; and consequently the image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream was a statue representing successive states of the church, and the stone cut out of the mountain without hands was not a comet to break in pieces this literal world, but was a stone signifying the divine truth of the Word, which is to extinguish and demolish the fallacies which have arisen in the church, from self-derived intelligence.—*Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch*.

THE KORAN.—The Koran was written about A. D. 610. Its general aim was to unite the professions of Idolatry and the Jews and Christians in the worship of one God—whose unity was the chief point inculcated—under certain laws and ceremonies, exacting obedience to Mahomet as the prophet. It was written in the Korish Arabic, and this language which certainly possessed every fine quality, was said to be that of paradise.—Mahomet asserted that the Koran was revealed to him, during a period of twenty-three years, by the angel Gabriel.